

ROCKET TO NEW WORLDS WITH "TOMMY TOMORROW"



ACTION COMICS

NEW FANTASY ADVENTURES

Another
SUPERMAN
ADVENTURE!



SUPERMAN

KENT FAMILY TREE

THE KENTS ARE
MARKED FOR DEATH—
AND CLARK KENT IS
AMONG THEM!

BUT WHY SHOULD SOMEONE WANT TO
KILL ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE KENT
FAMILY? CLARK KENT HAD TO DISAPPEAR
IN THE PRESENT, SO THAT SUPERMAN
COULD REAPPEAR IN THE PAST... 170
YEARS IN THE PAST... TO BRING BACK
THE FANTASTIC ANSWER AND CLOSE
THE CASE OF...



The **SECRET
OF THE KENTS!**

ACTION COMICS, No. 132, May, 1949. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S., \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd

St., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1949 by National Comics Publications, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.

AS A MAN ENTERS HIS CAR AND STEPS ON THE STARTER, SUDDENLY THERE IS A CRASHING SOUND—AND THE CAR RUNS WILD!

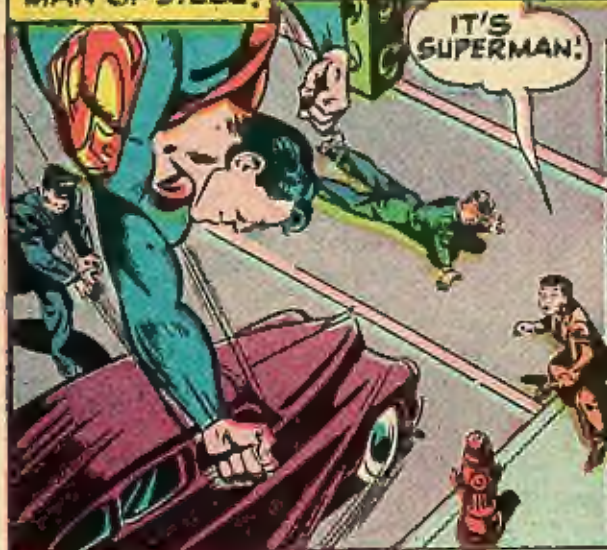


FROM HIS DAILY PLANET OFFICE OVERLOOKING THE STREET, CLARK KENT, REPORTER, SPIES THE RUNAWAY CAR AND...



SOMEONE'S GOING TO GET HURT UNLESS I ACT FAST!

SWIFTLY, CLARK SHEDS HIS OUTER GARMENTS TO REVEAL THE HERCULEAN FRAME OF—THE MAN OF STEEL!



IT'S SUPERMAN!



DON'T BE SCARED, SONNY—YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW!

WHEN SUPERMAN AND A POLICE OFFICER OPEN THE CAR DOOR, THEY VIEW A MURDER TRAP!



YOU SEE... SOMEONE PUT A GUN UP THERE AND RIGGED IT TO THE STARTER!

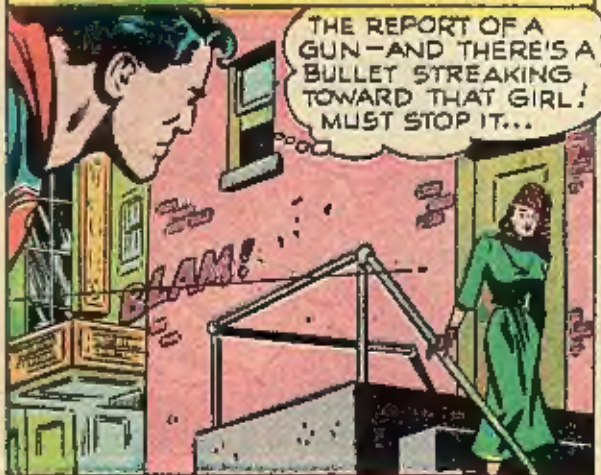
AND WHEN THE MAN STEPPED ON THE STARTER—**BANG!**

HERE'S THE MURDERED MAN'S WALLET! HIS NAME WAS KENT... ARTHUR KENT!

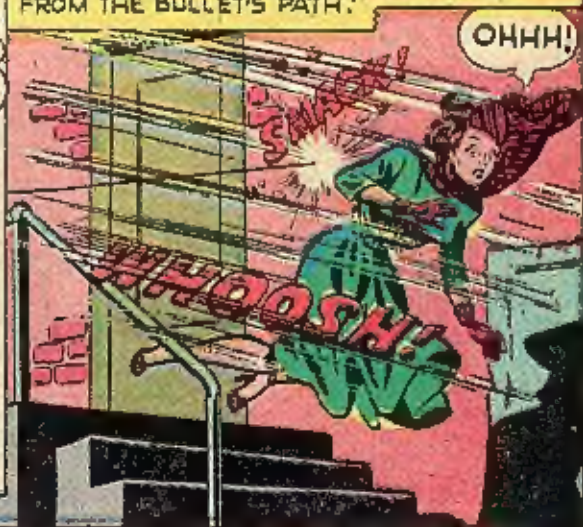
KENT! THAT'S ODD... THAT HIS LAST NAME SHOULD BE KENT, LIKE MINE!



LATER, AS SUPERMAN PATROLS THE CITY, EVER ON THE ALERT FOR CRIME, SUDDENLY...



EXPULSING HIS BREATH IN ONE TYPHOON PUFF, SUPERMAN BLOWS THE YOUNG WOMAN FROM THE BULLET'S PATH!



OH!! SUPERMAN, SOMEONE SHOT AT ME! YOU SAVED MY LIFE! I'M CAROL KENT, THE ACTRESS!



LATER, RESUMING HIS REPORTER ROLE, HE WRITES HIS STORY AS A COPY BOY WAITS...



ABRUPTLY—THE CRASH OF A GUN—AND A BULLET RICOCHETS FROM CLARK'S IMPENETRABLE SUPERMAN SKIN!



A BULLET! SOMEONE TRIED TO KILL YOU!



MR. KENT, YOU'RE NOT EVEN HURT! THAT BULLET HIT YOU AND BOUNCED OFF!

OH-OH! GOT TO EXPLAIN THIS OR THE BOY WILL SUSPECT I'M, SUPERMAN.



SWIFTER THAN THE BOY'S EYES CAN FOLLOW, CLARK TAKES OUT A HALF DOLLAR AND NICKS IT WITH HIS STEEL-STRONG FINGERS...



LIKE A TRUE REPORTER, CLARK WRITES OF HIS OWN HEADLINE BRUSH WITH DEATH!

JUST AS SWIFTLY, HE PLACES IT IN HIS VEST POCKET, THEN REMOVES IT AGAIN—SLOWLY!

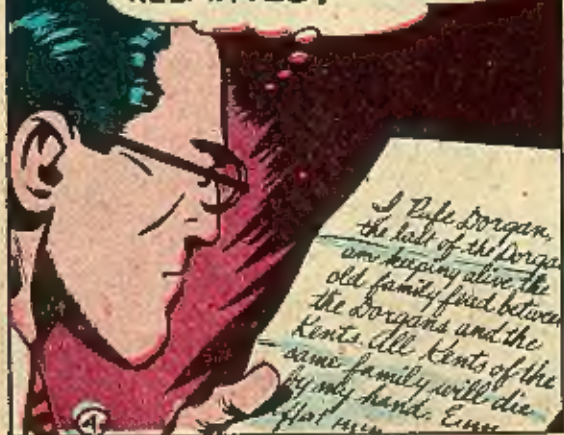
THERE'S YOUR ANSWER! MY LUCKY PIECE!

GOLLY, THAT BULLET MUST'VE HIT IT! LUCKY PIECE IS RIGHT—IT SAVED YOUR LIFE!



LATER—A LETTER COMES FOR CLARK...

SAME FAMILY? THEN THOSE OTHER KENTS AND I ARE RELATIVES!



FOLLOWING THAT LEAD, CLARK CONSULTS OLD FAMILY RECORDS, DEEDS, LETTERS...

IT SEEMS CAROL KENT AND ARTHUR KENT ARE MY FIRST COUSINS! HMM!... MY GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHER'S DIARY MENTIONS THE DORGAN-KENT FEUD...



BUT THEN, CLARK MAKES AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY...

OH-OH! SOMEONE RECENTLY ERASED THE REST OF THE ENTRY! BUT WITH MY X-RAY VISION I CAN SEE WHAT WAS ERASED!

It's good news! The Dorgans have come to make up! They shaken over at last!

OBVIOUSLY, RUFE DORGAN ERASED THAT LAST ENTRY. BUT DOES HE HATE US KENTS ENOUGH TO REVIVE AN ANCIENT FEUD? OR DOES HE HAVE A DIFFERENT MOTIVE FOR MURDER?

MORE RESEARCH FOLLOWS...

STRANGE... THREE LETTERS, FROM KENTS LIVING IN DIFFERENT AGES, MENTION A "STRONG, RED-CAPED STRANGER"! COULD THEY MEAN SUPERMAN? HMM... OBVIOUSLY, SUPERMAN MUST TRAVEL BACK IN TIME TO SOLVE THIS CASE!

BUT FIRST, THE KENT ROUNDUP! A CROSS-COUNTRY JUMP LOCATES COUSIN "DIGGER" KENT, GOLD PROSPECTOR!

SUPERMAN! NOW WHATCHA WANT WITH AN OLD SOURDOUGH LIKE ME?

DIGGER, YOU'RE GOING TO MEET SOME RELATIVES!

NEXT... COUSIN LOUIS PASTEUR KENT, COUNTRY DOCTOR...

DOCTOR, I'VE SPOKEN TO A DOCTOR FRIEND OF MINE AND HE'S GOING TO SUB FOR YOU WHILE YOU GO WITH ME!

BUT...

FINALLY, COUSIN TITUS KENT, ECCENTRIC RECLUSE...

BAH! I HATE RELATIVES! IF I LEAVE, HUBERT GOES WITH ME! HUBERT TAKES CARE OF ME!

WHEN MR. TITUS LOST HIS FORTUNE DURING THE DEPRESSION, THE SHOCK PARALYZED HIS LEGS! HE HASN'T WALKED SINCE!

BUT SUPERMAN'S SHARP VISION SPIES A STARTLING CLUE...

HMM! HUBERT ISN'T VERY OBSERVANT! THE SOLES OF TITUS' SHOES ARE WORN! WHY SHOULD TITUS PRETEND TO BE PARALYZED WHEN HE ISN'T?



THEN, IN THE FORTRESS, ESPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED BY SUPERMAN FOR THE KENTS' PROTECTION, THE FAMILY REUNION IS COMPLETE—ALMOST!

ONE KENT IS MISSING! WHERE'S CLARK KENT?

HE... HE'S DISAPPEARED! BUT I'VE A FEELING HE'LL ARRIVE SOON!

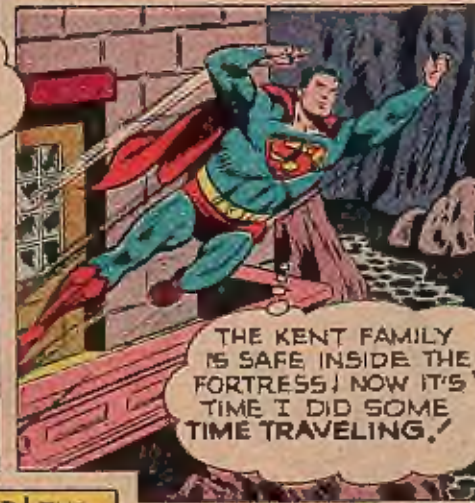
PROBABLY WITH A GUN TO SHOOT US IN THE BACK!



I REPEAT... CLARK KENT IS HIDING OUT BECAUSE HE'S OUR MYSTERIOUS KILLER!

BUT CLARK COULD'VE BEEN FAKED! YES! YES! SHOT AT, TOO!

I WON'T BELIEVE THAT UNTIL I SEE PROOF! LET'S SIT TIGHT—AND WAIT!



THE KENT FAMILY IS SAFE INSIDE THE FORTRESS! NOW IT'S TIME I DID SOME TIME TRAVELING!

TIME SEEMS TO STAND STILL, BECOMES AN ENDLESS HIGHWAY, AS SUPERMAN STREAKS BACKWARD AT COSMIC SPEED... FASTER... FASTER... EVER FASTER...



FINALLY—FIRST STOP! THE YEAR 1878!

THIS IS THE TIME AND PLACE WHERE I WAS FIRST MENTIONED IN THE DIARY! NOW, I'LL MAKE A PURCHASE AT THAT COSTUME SHOP...



SOON AFTER, WITH APPROPRIATE FACIAL ADORNMENT, A NEW SUPERMAN REAPPEARS...

NOW I'M READY TO LOOK UP MY GRANDFATHER, HIRAM KENT—INVENTOR!



LATER, AS SUPERMAN APPROACHES THE KENT FARM...

HELP MY FATHER, MISTER! HIS AIR MACHINE IS FALLING!

AIR MACHINE... IN THE YEAR 1878?

I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER, BUT YOU CAUGHT MY INVENTION LIKE IT WAS A TOY!

NO WONDER HIS PLANE FAILED! HE TRIED USING A STEAM ENGINE! PLANES WON'T FLY TILL THE WRIGHT BROTHERS USE THE GAS ENGINE YEARS FROM NOW!

MR. STRONG MAN, I THANK YOU KINDLY! MY NAME IS HIRAM KENT! THIS IS MY BOY... SILAS!

MY GRANDFATHER... HIRAM? THEN THIS LITTLE BOY, SILAS... HE'LL BE MY FOSTER FATHER IN THE FUTURE!

WELL, I'M THROUGH INVENTING THINGS! NONE OF 'EM WORKS! I'M A FAILURE! I'LL BET EVEN MY STUMP PULLER THERE WON'T WORK!

HM-M-M!

LATER, ASTONISHED HIRAM KENT LOOKS FROM HIS WINDOW TO SEE...

MY STUMP PULLER! IT'S WORKING!

BUT WHAT HIRAM KENT CAN'T SEE FROM THAT DISTANCE IS A SLIM CABLE LEADING FROM THAT STUMP TO HIDDEN SUPERMAN!

IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO TO MAKE MY OWN GRANDFATHER HAPPY AT HIS HOBBY!

BUT SUPERMAN'S FEAT HAS BEEN WATCHED—BY A FAMOUS SHOWMAN!

MISTER, MY NAME IS BARNUM... P.T. BARNUM! IF YOU JOIN MY CIRCUS AS ITS STRONG MAN, I'LL MAKE YOU THE BEST KNOWN MAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY!

THANKS, BUT I'M ALREADY WELL KNOWN IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!

LEAVING THE GREAT BARNUM TO FIGURE THAT ONE OUT, SUPERMAN AGAIN TIME-TRAVELS AT COSMIC SPEED!

NONE OF GRANDFATHER KENT'S UNPATENTED INVENTIONS REALLY WORKED, SO NONE IS VALUABLE AS A MOTIVE IN THE KENT MYSTERY OF 1949!



SECOND STOP ON TIME'S HIGHWAY, AND AGAIN SUPERMAN DONS THE FACIAL FASHION OF THE YEAR—1824!

NOW THAT I'M PROPERLY BEWHISKERED, I CAN MEET MY ANCESTOR, CAPTAIN JOSHUA KENT, OWNER OF AN ERIE CANAL BARGE.



SOON AFTER, ON THE ERIE HIGHWAY...

IT'S NO USE! THEY'RE ALL WORN OUT! I'LL NEVER GET THE CARGO DELIVERED ON TIME!

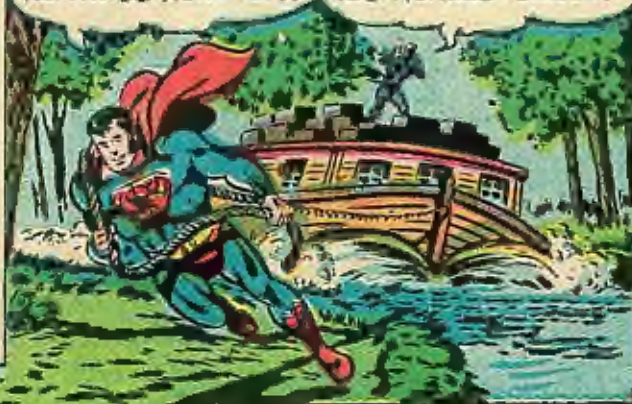
THAT'S THE BARGE BELOW! BUT CAPTAIN KENT SEEMS TO BE IN TROUBLE!



UNHITCHING THE HORSES, SUPERMAN TAKES OVER THE MUSCLE-TUGGING JOB!

I'M GOING TO SEE THAT YOU GET YOUR TREASURE, CAPTAIN KENT... SO HOLD ON!

SUFFERIN' SEASNAKES! THAT FELLOW'S PULLIN' THE BARGE FASTER'N 100 HORSES COULD!



SOON, UPON DOCKING, CAPTAIN KENT RECEIVES PAYMENT...

HERE'S YOUR PAYMENT AS PROMISED—ONE OF OUR COMPANY'S MOST VALUED PRODUCTS—20 POUNDS OF ALUMINUM.

ALUMINUM! I'M RICH! IT'S MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD!



YES, BECAUSE IN THIS YEAR, 1924, ALUMINUM IS EXPENSIVE TO PRODUCE... BUT IN ONLY A FEW YEARS A CHEAP METHOD OF PRODUCING ALUMINUM WILL MAKE IT SO COMMON, IT WILL BE USED FOR POTS AND PANS.



THIRD STOP IN THE PAST-AND
SUPERMAN IS READY TO
EXPLORE THE YEAR 1779!

MY WIG IS ON STRAIGHT,
SO I'M READY TO MEET
MY ANCESTOR ELY KENT
FACE TO FACE!

STAND WHERE
YOU ARE, REDCOAT!

REDCOAT? OH,
YOU MEAN MY CAPE!
BUT I'M NOT BRITISH.
I'M AN AMERICAN WHO'S
ALL FOR THE DECLARATION
OF INDEPENDENCE!

TO PROVE
IT, I'LL APPLY
FOR THAT
JOB.

HMM! A HUNDRED HORSES MUST BE SHOD AFORE THEY CAN PULL CONTINENTAL CANNON! ARE YOU STRONG AND FAST?

ELY KENT SOON GETS HIS ANSWER!

NO NEED FOR THE BELLOWS
WHEN HE USES HIS LUNG POWER!
AND AT THE SAME TIME HE'S POUNDIN' A
SHOE ON THE ANVIL WITH HIS FIST!

WH-I-II-SH. AND A HUNDRED HORSES
ARE SHOD.

I SEE IT, BUT THAT
DON'T MEAN I'VE GOT TO
BELIEVE IT!

PLANING

LATER, THE LEADER OF THE CONT NENTAL ARMY COMES TO CALL...

GENERAL WASHINGTON HIMSELF.

THERE, GENERAL, ALL READY! AND HERE'S YOUR BILL FOR THIS YEAR'S WORK.

HMM! MR. KENT, I'M AFRAID I'VE NO MONEY WITH WHICH TO PAY YOU AT THIS TIME, SO.

GENERAL WASHINGTON WRITES A PROMISSORY NOTE.

This is to certify that the Government of the United States promises to pay to Ely Kent or his direct descendant, the sum of \$2,000 at compound interest.

W. Washington

AFTER WASHINGTON LEAVES...

THE TREASURY OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS IS EMPTY NOW, SO I WON'T BOTHER COLLECTING! I'LL KEEP IT AS A MEMENTO! IT WILL BE SAFE HERE IN THIS OLD FLINTLOCK!

I SEE! ELY NEVER BOTHERED TO REDEEM THE NOTE! THAT'S THE ANSWER TO THE KENT MYSTERY OF 1949!

IT'S WORTH ONLY \$2,000 NOW IN 1779, BUT THE COMPOUND INTEREST OVER THE YEARS WILL MAKE IT WORTH A FORTUNE TO HIS DESCENDANTS IN 1949! I'LL BORROW IT SO I CAN TAKE IT WITH ME INTO THE FUTURE FOR EVIDENCE!

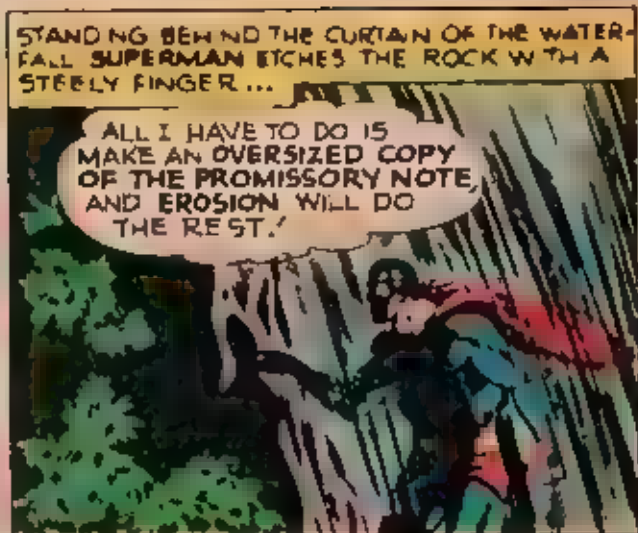
BUT AS SUPERMAN REMOVES THE NOTE AND STARTS FORWARD IN TIME, HE STOPS... AS IF PARALYZED!

UH! CAN'T MOVE! IT'S AS IF AN INVISIBLE WALL IS HOLDING ME BACK! WHY?

OF COURSE! I CAN'T TAKE THIS NOTE FROM THE PAST INTO THE FUTURE! FOR NOT EVEN SUPERMAN CAN CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY! BUT HOW CAN I USE THIS NOTE WITHOUT TAKING IT WITH ME INTO 1949? HOW?

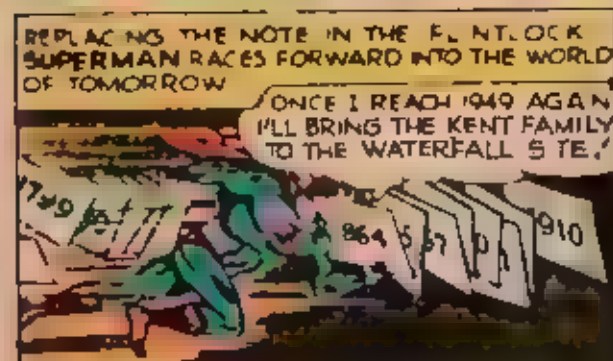


THAT WATERFALL
WILL DO THE TRICK! I
CAN SEE ROCK BEHND
IT.



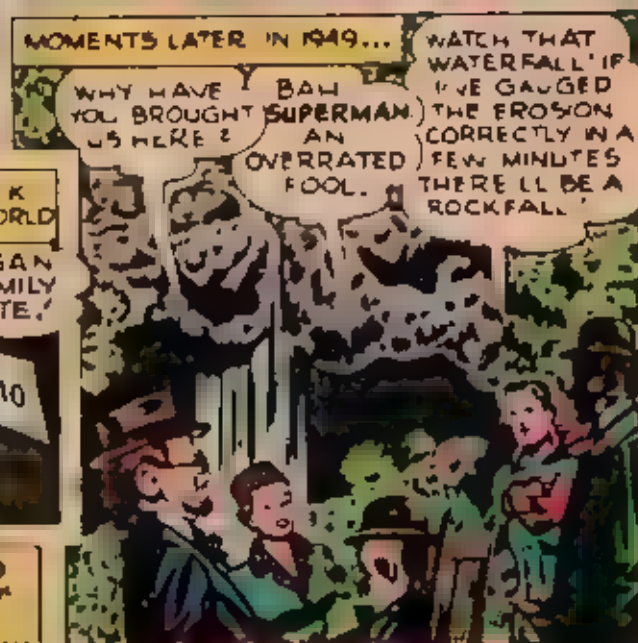
STANDING BEHND THE CURTAIN OF THE WATER-
FALL SUPERMAN ETCHES THE ROCK WITH A
STEELY FINGER...

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS
MAKE AN OVERSIZED COPY
OF THE PROMISSORY NOTE,
AND EROSION WILL DO
THE REST.



REPLACING THE NOTE IN THE FLINTLOCK
SUPERMAN RACES FORWARD INTO THE WORLD
OF TOMORROW

ONCE I REACH 1949 AGAIN
I'LL BRING THE KENT FAMILY
TO THE WATERFALL SITE.

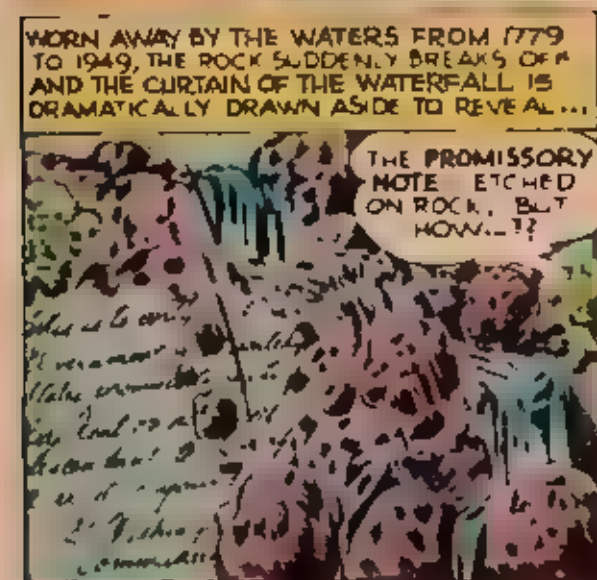


MOMENTS LATER IN 1949...

WHY HAVE
YOU BROUGHT
US HERE?

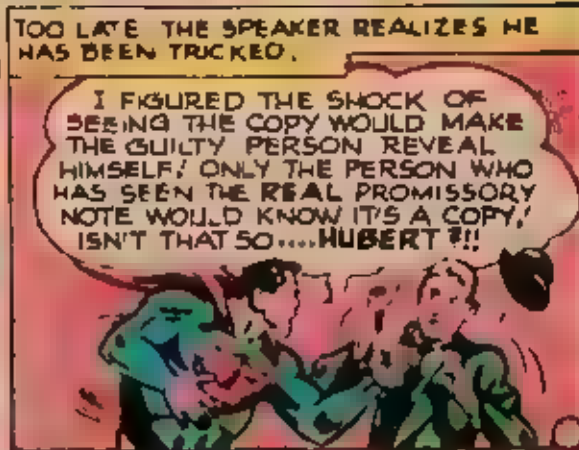
BAW
SUPERMAN
AN
OVERRATED
FOOL.

WATCH THAT
WATERFALL! IF
I'VE GAUGED
THE EROSION
CORRECTLY IN A
FEW MINUTES
THERE'LL BE A
ROCKFALL.



WORN AWAY BY THE WATERS FROM 1779
TO 1949, THE ROCK SUDDENLY BREAKS OFF
AND THE CURTAIN OF THE WATERFALL IS
DRAMATICALLY DRAWN ASIDE TO REVEAL...

THE PROMISSORY
NOTE ETCHED
ON ROCK, BUT
HOW...??



TOO LATE THE SPEAKER REALIZES HE
HAS BEEN TRICKED.

I FIGURED THE SHOCK OF
SEEING THE COPY WOULD MAKE
THE GUILTY PERSON REVEAL
HIMSELF! ONLY THE PERSON WHO
HAS SEEN THE REAL PROMISSORY
NOTE WOULD KNOW IT'S A COPY!
ISN'T THAT SO... HUBERT?!!



TRAPPED, HUBERT CONFESSES...

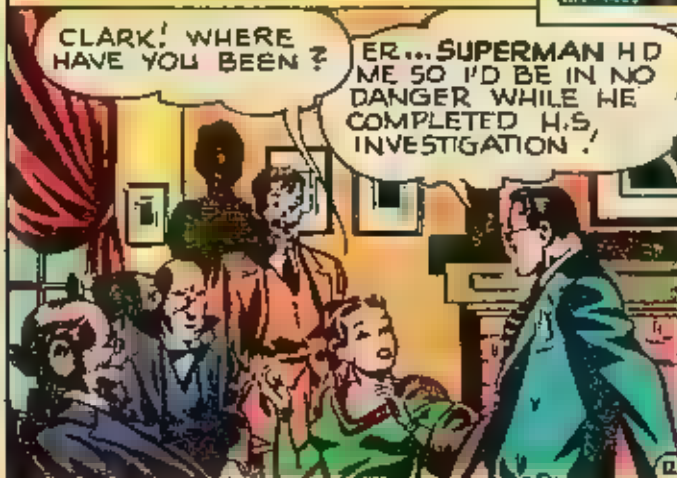
I FOUND THE NOTE BY ACCIDENT, WHILE CLEANING THE FLINTLOCK AND OTHER KENT HEIR-LOOMS OWNED BY MR. TITUS! I FIGURED IF I KILLED OFF THE OTHER DIRECT DESCENDANTS, THE FAMILY LINE WOULD GO TO HIM!



AS FOR "RUFÉ DORGAN"... HE NEVER EXISTED! YOU MADE UP THE NAME! YOU ERASED THE FINISH OF THE DORGAN-KENT FEUD FROM THE FAMILY RECORDS! THEN IT WOULD LOOK LIKE THE OTHER KENTS WERE KILLED BECAUSE OF A REVIVED FEUD!



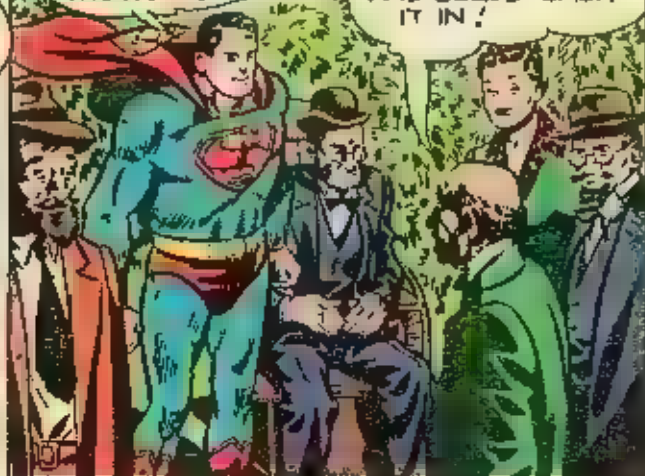
WITH THE CASE FINISHED, SUPERMAN EXITS—AND CLARK KENT TAKES OVER!



CLARK! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

ER... SUPERMAN H'D ME SO I'D BE IN NO DANGER WHILE HE COMPLETED H.S. INVESTIGATION!

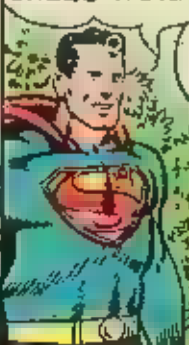
THEN TITUS WOULD OWN THE NOTE... ONLY YOU NEVER INTENDED TO TELL H'M ABOUT THE NOTE!



MR. TITUS' WILL LEAVES EVERYTHING TO ME! AS HIS HEIR, I'D OWN THE NOTE AND COULD CASH IT IN!

BUT SUPERMAN WANTS THE ANSWER TO STILL ONE MORE QUESTION...

MR. KENT, IF YOU CAN'T WALK, WHY ARE THE SOLES OF YOUR SHOES WORN?



BUSYBODY! THEY'RE SHOES I OWNED BEFORE I BECAME PARALYZED! D'YOU THINK I'LL SPEND MONEY FOR NEW SHOES? NOT ME! "WASTE NOT, WANT NOT," IS MY MOTTO! HMPHH!



LATER...

WELL, CLARK, YOU'RE THE NEXT DESCENDANT! WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THE PROMISSORY NOTE NOW?

GIVE IT BACK TO THE GOVERNMENT! THE KENT FAMILY HAS BEEN "PAID" MANY TIMES OVER BY BEING ALLOWED TO LIVE IN A TRULY GREAT COUNTRY!



"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH THE 2005

DIET-PROPELLED BIKE

**BAMBOOZLING THE BANK ROBBERS**

WHEN
THE TOWN
BANK DEPUTY
U.S. ROYAL
AND THE
BANK OF THE
EQUITY BIKE
CAME TO
BURY A TOMB
IN A
DARING PLAN!



AND TELL THE POLICE TO
BE THERE WITH HANS THRAIN
SEE YOU LATER, BOYS.



LIKE THIS THIS IS THE
ONLY ROAD OUT OF TOWN
NOT A PLAN THAT
STAYS AT THE HILL
ANY TURN OF

AND SEEN
WE'LL BE--
RIGHT INTO A DEAD
END RAP BUT
THE SIGN

WAS MOVED TO
THAT IN YOU SEE
THE TRACK-INTO
OUR HANDS!



LEAVE WITH "ROYAL IS RIGHT" OUR
BOYS WE U.S. ROYAL, LIKE TONS
A MOUNTAIN OF SAVES US PLINY OF
THE RECORDS "SAVES WITH SAFETY"
WHA "RIGHT, TELL AS" AND
ROYAL RECEPTION SAY SPEAKING OF
SURVIVORS I'VE GOT
A REAL "THE WATINGS"
I GOT



LATER AT THE CLUBHOUSE
A WHOLE LOT TAKE TALK
COMIC BOOKS, BIKES, THERE'S
ON BIKING, A BICYCLE, THERE'S
LET'S SEE FOR EACH OF YOU
I U.S. THAT WAS S REVEAL
OUR DEALERS

**BIKE
COMICS**

GET YOUR COPY OF
"BIKE COMICS" AT YOUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE
DEALER'S TODAY.
IT'S **FREE!**



HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH
ADVERTISING
BANK ROBBERS!



WHY, YOU BEST BICYCLE
HEAD--HE NEVER
ANYTHING RIGHT



TERRY'S MY FAVORITE
DOES THE POP.



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN IN YOUR
BIKE DEALER'S WINDOW

**U.S.
BIKE TIRES**

America's Fastest Selling Tires

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving "Through Branches"

Editorial Advisory Board

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. HOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. S. HARCOURT PEPPARD

Acting Director, Bureau of Child Guidance
Board of Education, City of New York



The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

ACTION COMICS
A DATE WITH JUDY
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN WESTERN
ALL-STAR COMICS
ANIMAL ANTICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
COMIC CAVALCADE
DALE EVANS COMICS
DETECTIVE COMICS
FUNNY FOLKS
FUNNY STUFF
GANG BUSTERS

GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
LEAVE IT TO BINKY
MISS BEVERLY HILLS
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY
MUTT & JEFF
REAL FACT COMICS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
SCRIBBLY
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERBOY
SUPERMAN
WESTERN COMICS
WONDER WOMAN

WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

ADVERTISEMENT

KIDS! Collect Dog Heads the NEW CRAZE!

CARRY 'EM!
WEAR 'EM! TRADE 'EM!

SANDY
The Scottie



WALLY
The Collie



ROCKY
The Cocker



FOXY
The Terrier



DUKE
The Boxer



PAL
The German Shepherd

You're the envy of everyone when you collect dog head caps from Listerine Tooth Paste

It's the new rage that's sweeping the country! Kids just love these wonderfully life-like heads, beautifully modeled by a famous sculptor.

Six beautiful breeds—each in six different colors! Ask Mom and Dad to help you get your collection started. Tell them to buy cool, minty Listerine Tooth Paste with the dog-head on it!

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

tastes like
fresh mint!

I'LL SWAP YOU
THE SCOTTIE FOR
YOUR COLLIE...

MAIL THIS COUPON—NOW!

WEAR 'EM AS YOU
COLLECT 'EM!

Check Item You Want



Bracelets—Made to 6 heads screw on. Stylish! Send 25¢ in coin to Dept. EE—Lambert Pharmac Co., St. Louis, Mo.



Key Chain—Smart new style. 6 heads screw on. Send 25¢ in coin to Dept. FF—Lambert Pharmac Co., St. Louis, Mo.

PRINT NAME & ADDRESS IN MARGIN BELOW



Tommy TOMORROW

THE LIFE OF A PLANETEER OF 989 LIKE COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROWS IS A GRIM AND HAZARDOUS CAREER OF ADVENTURE AND DANGER ON OTHER WORLDS! ONLY A MAN OF RUGGED BODY AND IRON NERVES CAN MEET ITS CHALLENGE! OR SO TOMMY TOMORROW HIMSELF BELIEVES UNTIL A BOY PROVES OTHERWISE AND THAT BOY IS NONE OTHER THAN TOMMY'S KID BROTHER - **TIM TOMORROW!** BUT CAN A MERE BOY WITHSTAND AND CONQUER THE HARSHNESS AND MENACES AWAITING HIM ON OTHER PLANETS? YOU WILL FIND THE EXCITING ANSWER WHEN YOU MEET...

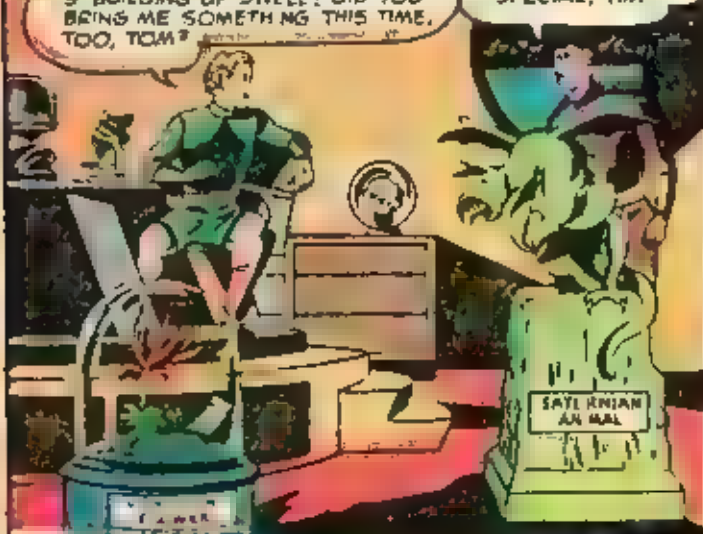
"The
**JUNIOR
PLANETEER!"**



ON EVERY RETURN FROM HIS INTERPLANETARY ADVENTURES, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS BRINGS BACK A SOUVENIR FOR HIS YOUNG BROTHER, TIM.

MY COLLECTION'S BUILDING UP SWEET! DID YOU BRING ME SOMETHING THIS TIME, TOO, TOM?

SOMETHING EXTRA SPECIAL, TIM!



IT'S A NEW UNCLASSIFIED GEM FROM JUPITER!

OH BOY! WHAT A BEAUTY! WHEN I GROW UP, I'M GOING TO BE A PLANETEER, TOO, AND HAVE EXCITING ADVENTURES ON ALL THE PLANETS!



AND LOOK, TOM! I'VE GOT A NEW WIRE-RECORDING OF THE NATIVE SPEECH OF URANUS THAT MAKES 22 INTERPLANETARY LANGUAGES I CAN SPEAK AND UNDERSTAND

THEY ZHO ZOYL AVA KREL

THE ELDER YOUNGESTER STUDIES AND PREPARES FOR A FUTURE CAREER AS A PLANETEER LIKE HIS FAMOUS BROTHER!



LATER, AS TIM EXAMINES THE JOVIAN GEM MORE CLOSELY...

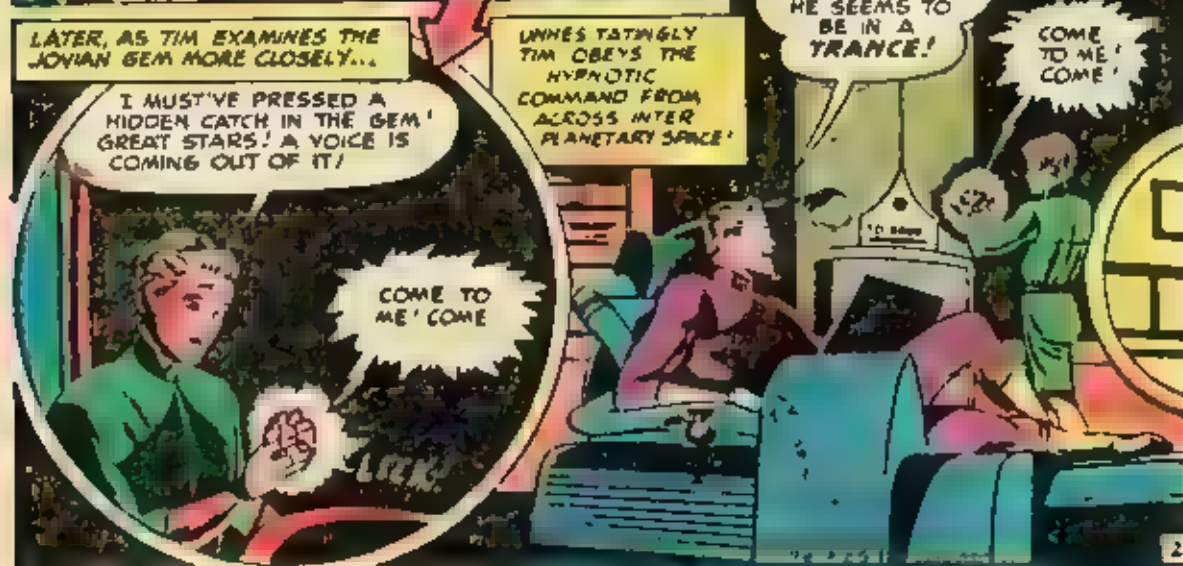
I MUST'VE PRESSED A HIDDEN CATCH IN THE GEM! GREAT STARS! A VOICE IS COMING OUT OF IT!

COME TO ME! COME

UNHESITATINGLY TIM OBEYS THE HYPNOTIC COMMAND FROM ACROSS INTER PLANETARY SPACE!

TIM! WHAT'S WRONG? TIM! HE SEEMS TO BE IN A TRANCE!

COME TO ME! COME!



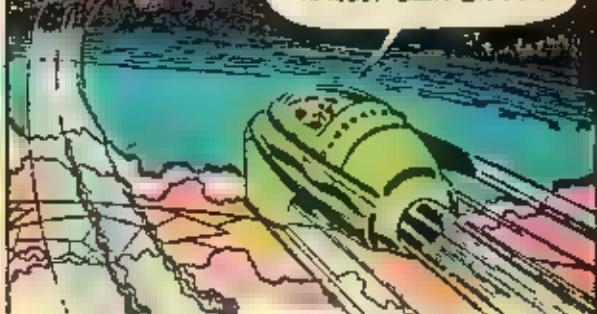
ON THE ROOF TIM HEADS FOR HIS SMALL ROCKET SHIP AND...

TIM! STOP! HE'S TAKEN OFF! HE NEVER FLEW INTO SPACE BEFORE! WHAT'S THAT JEWEL DONE TO HIM?



UTTERLY BAFFLED BY THE MYSTERY TOMMY TOMORROW ROCKETS IN PURSUIT OF HIS BROTHER...

HE'S HEADING FOR JUPITER! THE TROUBLE IS HE SOUPED UP HIS LITTLE SHIP TO A POINT WHERE I CAN HARDLY GAIN ON HIM!



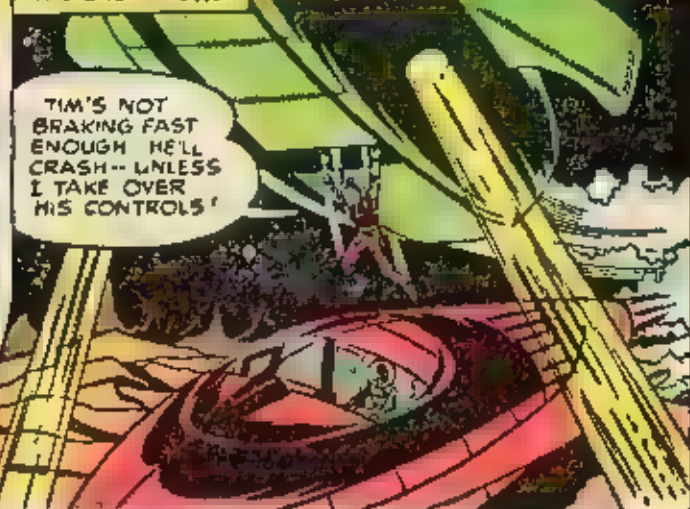
LURED ON BY THE STRANGE EMANATIONS, TIM TOMORROW SPANS SPACE AND IS SEIZED IN THE POWERFUL GRIP OF JUPITER'S MIGHTY GRAVITATION...

COME TO ME! COME!



PLACING HIS SHIP UNDER AUTOMATIC CONTROL, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW MAKES A DARING LEAP TO SAVE HIS BROTHER...

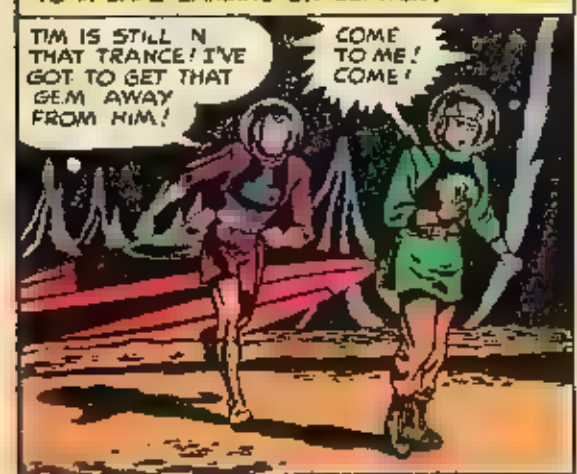
TIM'S NOT BRAKING FAST ENOUGH! HE'LL CRASH-- UNLESS I TAKE OVER HIS CONTROLS!



THE SKILLED PLANETEER GUIDES TIM'S SHIP TO A SAFE LANDING ON JUPITER.

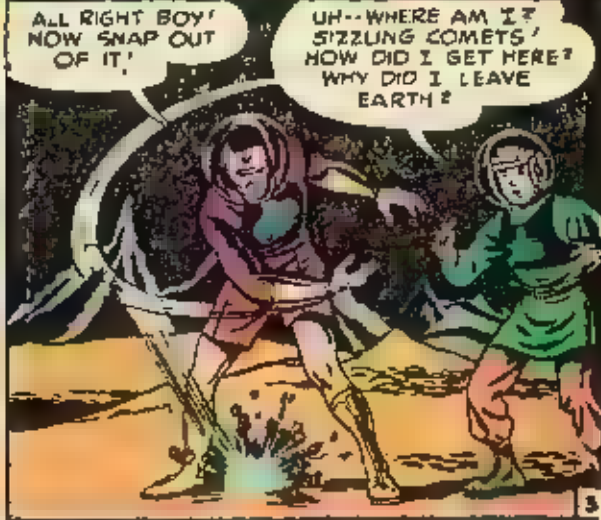
TIM IS STILL IN THAT TRANCE! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT GEM AWAY FROM HIM!

COME TO ME! COME!



ALL RIGHT BOY! NOW SNAP OUT OF IT!

UH--WHERE AM I? SIZZLING COMETS! HOW DID I GET HERE? WHY DID I LEAVE EARTH?



THAT'S THE BIG MYSTERY--WAS THAT GEM MADE BY SOME INTERPLANETARY MONSTERS TO USE AS A KEY TO GET ACROSS SPACE?

WHO CARES? ALL I KNOW IS I'VE RUN STRAIGHT INTO A SPACE ADVENTURE--JUST LIKE A REAL PLANETEER

NOT SO FAST YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO BE RUNNING WILD ON AN ALIEN PLANET YOU'RE NOT A PLANETEER YET!

AW TOM I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF

JUPITER IS A GIANT PLANET--ROAMED BY WEIRD MONSTERS. SUDDENLY ONE OF THEM STRIKES!

A GOOD RAY GUN SHOT AND--UWGH!

TOM WATCH OUT FOR HIS TONGUE OH

TOM TOMORROW'S PRELIMINARY PLANETEER TRAINING HAS CONDITIONED HIM FOR A LITTLE AND THIS HE QUICKLY SEARS HIS BROTHER'S RAY GUN AND

RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

DOES THAT EARN ME THE CHANCE TO HELP YOU SOLVE THE GEM MYSTERY?

IT SURE DOES, TIM! I'M PROUD OF YOU!



BACK IN TIM'S SPACESHIP.

THE JEWEL WAS PART OF A SPACE BANDIT'S LOOT AND CAME FROM ONE OF JUPITER'S ELEVEN MOONS, BUT WHICH ONE? HEAD FOR EUROPA FIRST, TIM!

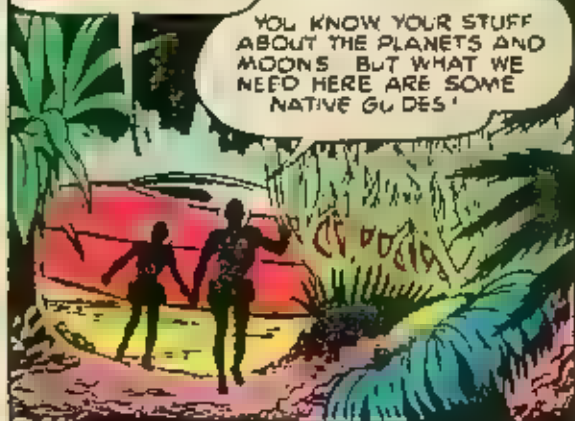
AYE, SIR! THIS IS EXCITING!



THIRTY MINUTES LATER...

EUROPA, FOURTH LARGEST MOON OF JUPITER, DISCOVERED BY GALILEO IN 1610. DIAMETER 2000 MILES. REVOLUTION PERIOD 3 DAYS, 13 HOURS. DISTANCE FROM JUPITER 466,000 MILES!

YOU KNOW YOUR STUFF ABOUT THE PLANETS AND MOONS, BUT WHAT WE NEED HERE ARE SOME NATIVE GUIDES!



AS IF IN ANSWER TO TOMMY'S REQUEST

NATIVES, BUT FROM THE LOOKS OF THEM, NOT EXACTLY FRIENDLY.

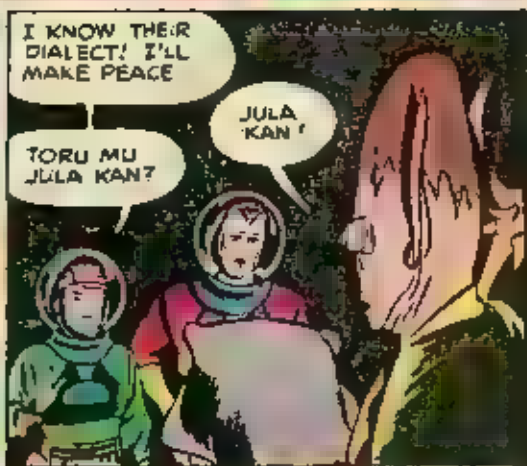


WAIT TOM! DON'T SHOOT!

I KNOW THEIR DIALECT! I'LL MAKE PEACE.

TORU MU JULA KAN?

JULA KAN!



I MADE 'EM UNDERSTAND WE'RE FRIENDS! I ALSO ASKED ABOUT THE JEWEL, BUT THEY NEVER HEARD OF IT ON THEIR WORLD!

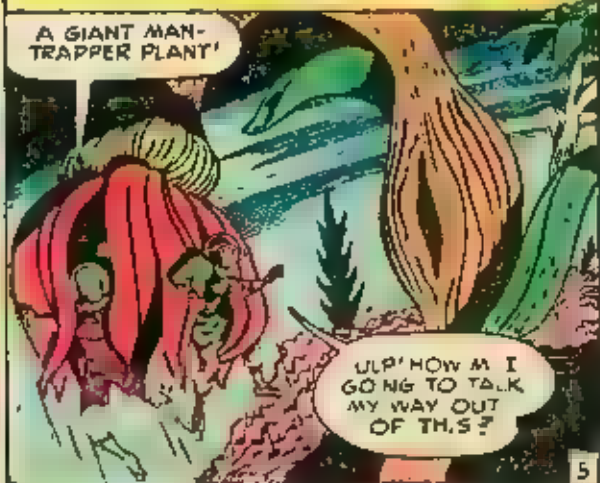
GOOD WORK, TIM, YOU AMAZE ME MORE AND MORE! NEXT STOP, CALLISTO!

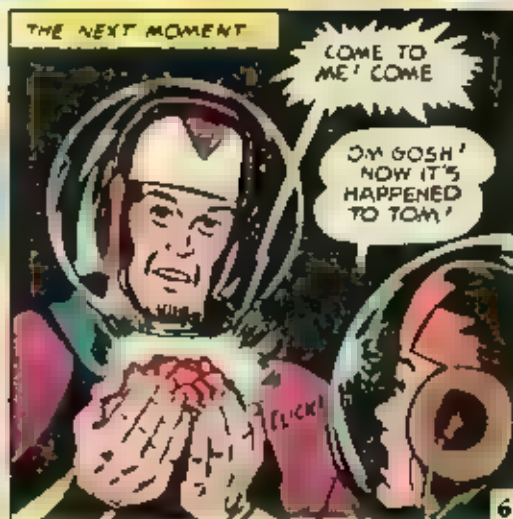
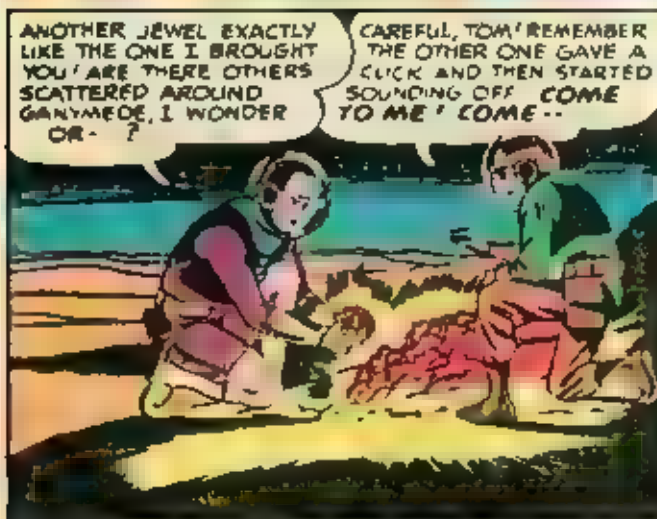
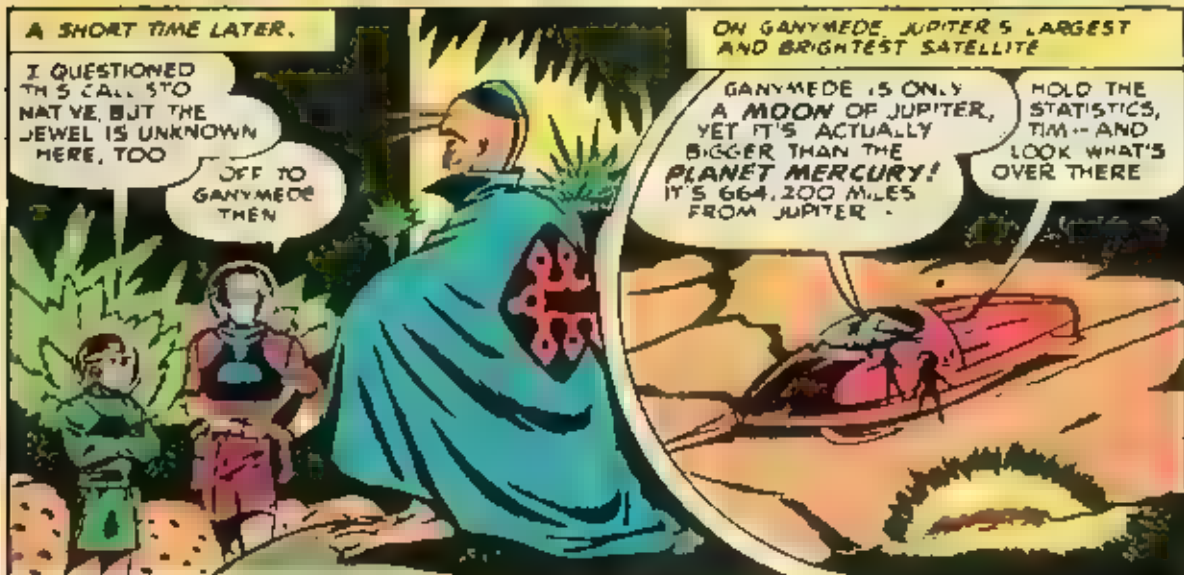
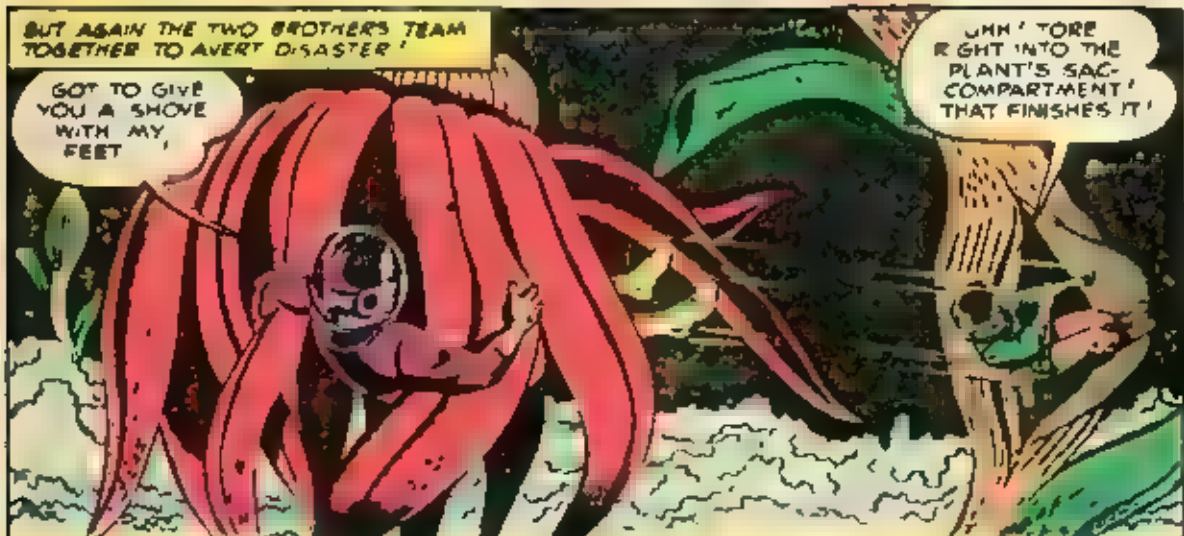


EXPLORING CALLISTO SHORTLY AFTER, THE TWO INTERPLANETARY ADVENTURERS ARE SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY A BIZARRE FORM OF PLANT LIFE.

A GIANT MAN-TRAPPER PLANT!

UHP! HOW AM I GOING TO TALK MY WAY OUT OF THIS?







THIS TIME TOMMY TOMORROW IS GRIPPED BY THE STRANGE POWERFUL EMANATIONS FROM THE SINISTER BEAM!

TOM! STOP! DON'T LET IT TAKE HOLD OF YOU! IT MAY BE A TRAP!

COME TO ME!

A WAITING ROCKET CAR, TAKING TOM DEEP UNDERGROUND I'M HITCHING A RIDE TO SEE WHAT THIS LEADS TO!

NO! THE ROBOT IS PLACING THAT GLASS JAR OVER TOM LEARN ATOMS! THE WHOLE PLACE IS FILLED WITH GLASS COVERED BODIES!

I CAN'T STOP HIM! HE'LL WALK STRAIGHT INTO THAT CLIFF! LOOK-- IT'S OPENING!

AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL--

A ROBOT! IT'S GOING TO MANGLE TOM-- AND I C-CAN'T STOP IT!

TOM'S JAR IS SHOOTING OUT RADIATIONS AND STRIKING THE OTHER GLASS JARS! THE PEOPLE INSIDE ARE STIRING!

AFTER THE SLEEPERS AWAKE, COMMUNICATION IS ESTABLISHED. FOR TIM HAS STUDIED EVEN THE DEAD LANGUAGES OF OTHER WORLDS!

WHAT A STORY! THESE PEOPLE AREN'T EVIL AT ALL! AGES AGO, A RUNAWAY ASTEROID CRASHED INTO SANYMEDE SETTING THE MOON AFLAME!



"BUT THERE WAS VERY LITTLE AIR TO BREATHE BELOW, SO THEY HAD TO PLACE THEMSELVES IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION HOPING TO AWAKEN LATER WHEN THE FLAMES DIED!"

THESE JEWELS, IMPERVIOUS TO FIRE WERE SCATTERED ABOVE! THEY HAVE BUILT-IN TELEPATHY UNITS! CENTURIES FROM NOW, SOME WANDERER WILL PICK UP A JEWEL AND ITS CALL WILL BRING HIM DOWN HERE



BACK ON EARTH, THE INTERPLANETARY BUREAU PRESENTS A SPECIAL AWARD TO TIM TOMORROW FOR HIS ROLE IN THE REVIVAL OF THE SLEEPING RACE

TIM TOMORROW! WE HEREBY AWARD YOU A JUNIOR PLANETEER! YOU ARE THE FIRST AND ONLY BOY TO EVER ACHIEVE THIS HONOR



OUR WHOLE WORLD'S ON FIRE! PERHAPS WE CAN FIND REFUGE IN THE UNDERGROUND CAVERNS!

SO YOU SEE, TOM THIS WAS ALL AN ELABORATE WAY OF BRINGING SOME HUMAN BEING HERE SO THAT HIS LIFE FORCES COULD BE RADIATED AND WAKEN THEM FROM

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TRANSLATE THIS GESTURE FOR ME, TIM! IT'S STILL A HANDSHAKE--IN ANY LANGUAGE!



HOW ABOUT IT TOM HAVE I LEARNED THE RIGHT TO JOIN YOU IN YOUR SPACE ADVENTURES?

YOU SURE HAVE, TIM! YOU CAN BRING BACK YOUR OWN ADVENTURES NOW



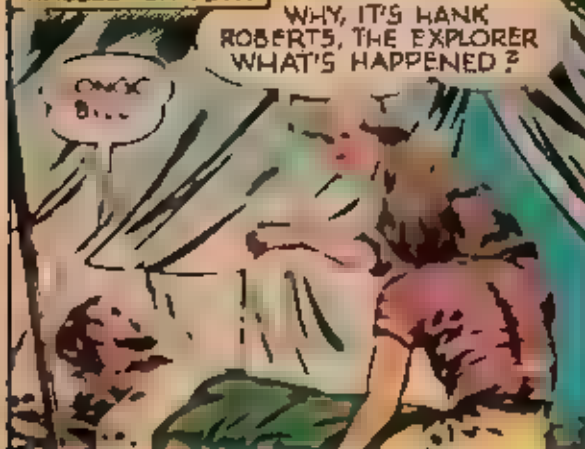
CONGO BILZ

WHEN A "DEAD" MAN WALKS INTO THE PANAMA OFFICES OF WORLD WIDE INSURANCE COMPANY AND TAKES A LIFE INSURANCE POLICY, ANOTHER STRANGE LINK IS FORGED IN A CHAIN OF DEATHS SURROUNDING THE JUNGLE. BUT CONGO BILL, VETERAN JUNGLE FIGHTER, BAITS A UNIQUE TRAP—WITH HIMSELF—to UNEARTH THE DIABOLICAL KILLERS IN .



IN THE REMOTE JUNGLES OF PANAMA, WITH- IN THE SHADOWS OF ANCIENT AZTEC STONE- WALLED CITIES...

WHY, IT'S HANK ROBERTS, THE EXPLORER. WHAT'S HAPPENED?



LOOK! I'VE MADE IT ON YOUR CAMP AND I'VE FOUND MY WAY. ACT AS A GUIDE. YOU HAVE NOW NO RELAX.

WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR OVER



BUT EARLY NEXT DAY...

HE WENT FAST, POOR DEVIL!
DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE. IT
MUST HAVE BEEN SOME
OBSCURE TROPICAL
DISEASE

YES, JUNGLE
TOO MUCH
FOR HIM.
POOR
MASTER



AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, IN THE PANAMA OFFICE OF WORLD LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

IF YOU'LL SIGN THESE
PAPERS, MR. ROBERTS,
WE'LL HAVE THAT LIFE
INSURANCE POLICY FOR
YOU VERY SOON.

FINE, MISS HALE!
IT CAN'T BE TOO
SOON. I'M HEAD-
ING INTO THE
INTERIOR ON AN
EXPLORATION JAUNT
IMMEDIATELY!



LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, A MISTOWN

HEARD
FROM MATA?

NOT YET, CHIEF. BUT IT
WON'T BE LONG, NOW. I GOT
TO HAND IT TO YOU. YOU'RE
A WHIZ WITH A MAKEUP KIT.
YOU LOOK JUST LIKE
HANK ROBERTS.



IT TOOK ME YEARS ON THE STAGE TO
ACQUIRE MY ABILITY, FRED, UNTIL I
REALIZED I COULD CASH IN BY
INSURING OTHER PEOPLES LIVES—
POSING AS THEM AND
TAKING OUT A POLICY—

THEY MAKE A LOT
OF MONEY—
THEY DIED!
HANA



THEY DON'T
CALL YOU
"MAKEUP
MARK" OWENS
FOR NOTHING!

NOW THAT WE'VE FLEECED
MOST OF EUROPE, I THOUGHT
IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO
COME TO THE U.S. FOR THE WINTER
—AND GO TO WORK ON
PANAMA FOR A WHILE!



THREE WEEKS LATER, CONGO BILL RETURNS TO THE OFFICE

BILL, WHEN I WAS
TRANSFERRED HERE,
I DIDN'T THINK I'D
SEE YOU FOR A
LONG TIME.

BAD NEWS! I'M SURE
GLAD TO SEE YOU!
WHAT'S NEW? NO
BAD NEWS I HOPE?



WELL, THERE'S A RUMOR THAT HANK ROBERTS, THE EXPLORER IS DEAD. HE TOOK OUT A BIG POLICY WITH U.S. I WANT TO CHECK—

IT'S NO RUMOR. I BURIED HIM MYSELF, JUST THREE WEEKS AGO TODAY.

THREE WEEKS AGO? BUT THAT'S WHEN HE TOOK OUT THE POLICY. SEE IT'S RIGHT HERE IN THE APPLICATION...

IMPOSSIBLE

EVEN BY PLANE, HE COULDN'T BE HERE IN TOWN, AND THERE IN THE JUNGLE ON THE SAME DAY! WE'RE RUNNING INTO SOME NEW KIND OF INSURANCE RACKETEERS!

WELL, UNLESS YOU CAN PROVE THAT, BILL, WORLD WIDE WILL BE OUT \$50,000! AND SOON!

WHAT DID THE "ROBERTS" WHO TOOK OUT THE POLICY LOOK LIKE?

HERE'S HIS PHOTOGRAPH. DOES HE LOOK LIKE THE MAN YOU BURIED?

IT'S ROBERTS, ALL RIGHT! OR—OR SOMEONE MADE UP TO LOOK EXACTLY LIKE HIM!

BAD NEWS, WE'RE UP AGAINST A BUNCH OF SLY INSURANCE CROOKS. WITH YOUR HELP, WE'LL TRAP THEM!

WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, BILL?

AS BILL'S
PLAN GOES
INTO EFFECT,
SOME DAYS
LATER, A
"RICH
AMERICAN
SCIENTIST,
CALLING
HIMSELF
GREG
BORDON,
SELECTS
OUTFITS
FOR THE
JUNGLE...



MATA! HE'S THE FELLOW
WHO WAS IN ROBERTS'
CAMP WHEN HE DIED!
HOPE HE WON'T RECOG-
NIZE ME IN THIS
OUTFIT.

LATER, IN A CAFE ON THE OUTSKIRTS
OF TOWN...

RICH AMERICANS GO
INTO JUNGLE, SENOR
OWENS. MATA JOIN
HIS PARTY. STEAL
PICTURE.

AMERICAN,
HE'S GOOD
AT MATA



AND SOON... WELL, MATA.
THAT PICTURE
YOU STOLE OF HIM SURE
CAME IN HANDY. DO I
LOOK LIKE THIS
AMERICAN,
GREG BORDON?

NO ONE COULD
TELL YOU APART,
SENOR



MATA—I'M SENDING FREDDIE
AND THE OTHERS ALONG TO
MAKE SURE—BUT IT'S
REALLY UP TO YOU, THE
RICH AMERICAN MUST
DO IT! DON'T FAIL ME!

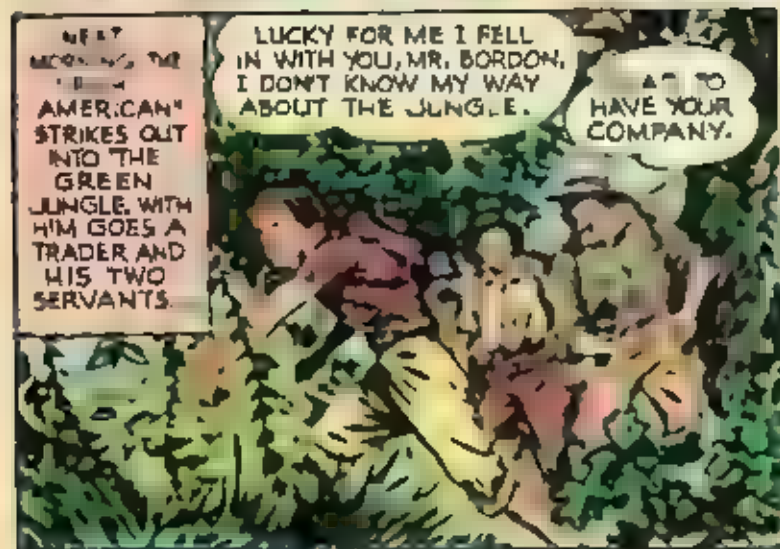
HE WILL
DIE, SENOR!
MATA KILL HIM
AS MATA KILL
HANK ROBERTS!



NEXT
MORNING, THE
"RICH
AMERICAN"
STRIKES OUT
INTO THE
GREEN
JUNGLE. WITH
HIM GOES A
TRADER AND
HIS TWO
SERVANTS.

LUCKY FOR ME I FELL
IN WITH YOU, MR. BORDON,
I DON'T KNOW MY WAY
ABOUT THE JUNGLE.

AS TO
HAVE YOUR
COMPANY.



DAY AFTER DAY, THE EXPEDITION
PLUNGES DEEPER INTO THE
JUNGLE.

I'M THE BAIT TO A
TRAP THAT MAY SNAP SHUT
ON ME AT ANY MOMENT, BUT
IT'S A CHANCE I HAVE TO
TAKE



THEN, ONE DAY, CONGO BILL RECEIVES WORD FROM BAD NEWS & A WALK & TALK E...

SO "GREG BORDON" HAS TAKEN OUT A \$50,000 POLICY, EH? I GUESS I'M LIABLE TO DIE AT ANY TIME NOW...

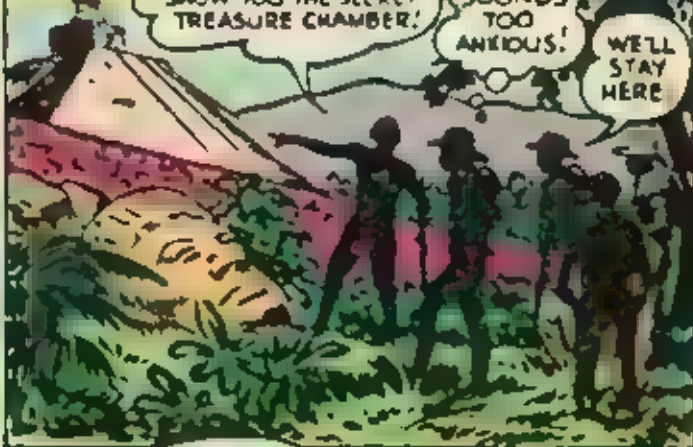


SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

THE ANCIENT RUINS, SENOR! COME, I SHOW YOU THE SECRET TREASURE CHAMBER!

HE SOUNDS TOO ANXIOUS!

WE'LL STAY HERE



DANGEROUS SPOT, THIS. ONE FALSE STEP AND I'D BE A DEAD MAN!

HERE, SENOR... LET MATA HELP!

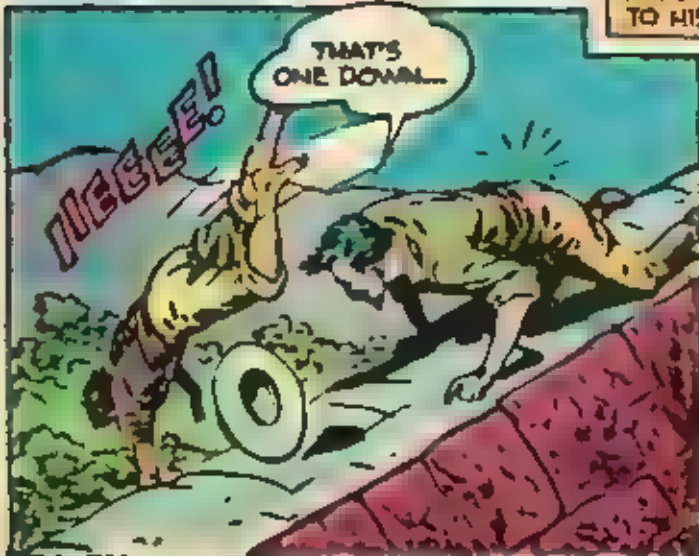


LIKE THIS!

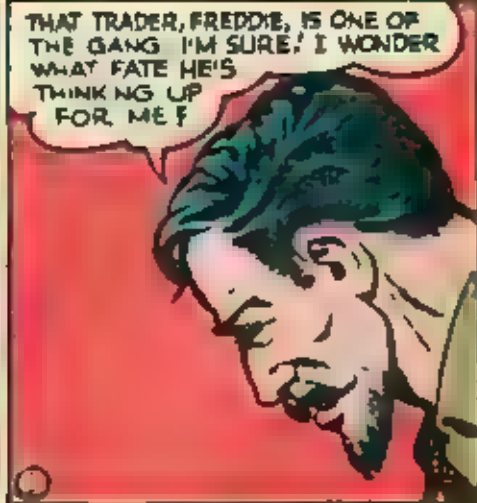


ALERT TO THE DANGER THAT EVER WALKS BEHIND HIM ON THIS EXPEDITION, CONGO BILL DROPS TO HIS HANDS AND KNEES AS...

THAT'S ONE DOWN...



THAT TRADER, FREDDIE, IS ONE OF THE GANG I'M SURE! I WONDER WHAT FATE HE'S THINKING UP FOR ME!



WITH THE TENSION MOUNTING WITH EVERY STEP, THE EXPEDITION PLUNGES DEEPER INTO THE TRACKLESS JUNGLE...

NOW—I HAVE TO MAKE THEM THINK WE'RE HEADED WEST TO THE COAST—WHILE WE REALLY HEAD EAST!



BORDON, WE DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THE JUNGLE. BUT AREN'T YOU HEADING EAST? AWAY FROM THE PACIFIC COAST?

WE ARE—IF THE SUN HAS REVERSED ITSELF AND IS SETTING IN THE EAST INSTEAD OF THE WEST. SEE FOR YOURSELF.



NOW! THE PACIFIC IS WEST, AIN'T IT? AN' THERE'S THE SUN SETTING.

THINK HE'S FOX'N' US?



FOR THREE DAYS MORE, CONGO BILL LEADS HIS SMALL BAND TOWARD THE PACIFIC OCEAN. THEN, SUDDENLY, AT SUNSET OF THE THIRD DAY...

HANDS UP! GET THEM UP!

THEY WERE GETTING AWFULLY NERVOUS THESE LAST FEW HOURS. IT ISN'T EASY TO MAKE THREE MEN HEAD EAST WHEN THEN THEY THINK THEY'RE HEADING WEST!

EAST—BUT HOW? THERE'S THE SETTING SUN!

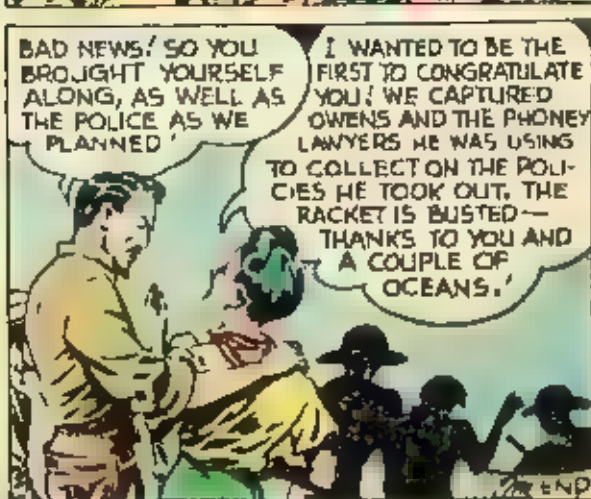


IT SO HAPPENS THAT THIS POINT ON THE PACIFIC SIDE OF PANAMA IS EAST OF A CORRESPONDING POINT ON THE ATLANTIC SIDE! SO, JUDGING BY THE SUN, EAST SEEMS WEST AND WEST SEEMS EAST! THAT'S HOW I WAS ABLE TO CONFUSE YOU RATS!



BAD NEWS! SO YOU BROUGHT YOURSELF ALONG, AS WELL AS THE POLICE AS WE PLANNED!

I WANTED TO BE THE FIRST TO CONGRATULATE YOU! WE CAPTURED OWENS AND THE PHONEY LAWYERS HE WAS USING TO COLLECT ON THE POLICIES HE TOOK OUT. THE RACKET IS BUSTED—THANKS TO YOU AND A COUPLE OF OCEANS!





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mercury No. 1)

XIFO IF XIP IFTJUB-
UFT JT MPTU, BOE
IBTUF - NBLFT XB-
TUF, DIPPTF UIF IBQ-
QZ NFEJVN!

SUPERMAN,

c o ACTION COMICS

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME

AGE

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

MAY

A Fish Story



SOMEWHERE in the world, many many thousands of years ago, a man creature stood by the edge of a stream, deep in the forest darkness. He had not eaten well that day. The rains had been heavy and the wild animals of the forest had stayed safely hidden from his club and his brawny, death dealing hands.

The man watched the rippling water, lost in a dream of hunger and wonder that the rain could last so long, making his search for food almost impossible.

Suddenly, beneath the surface of the water, his dull eyes saw a movement—a swift shiny thing twisting through the green plants at the bottom. The man grunted and reached a hand down into the water. But the thing was too agile for that clumsy attempt—in a second, it was gone. The man creature made no attempt to pursue it downstream. As yet it had no special meaning for him, for the experience of eating anything like that was still unknown to him. A useless thing at best, this silver bright object that swam so swiftly

But on the following day, the man's instinct led him back to the stream. Foodless now for two days, a faint knowledge inside him seemed to say that this thing he had watched yesterday might be something that could satisfy his hunger. . . .

He crouched by the edge of the stream. There were several of the shiny things swimming around. Made desperate now by hun-

ger, the man gathered his wits together and concentrated fiercely on catching one of these mysterious underwater travelers.

Finally, his long efforts were rewarded. With a cry of victory, he brought up in his two hands a large, squirming creature. Those were the days before fire was discovered, so the man devoured the meal raw. The first fish had been eaten by man.

The bare-hand method of trapping fish was soon replaced by spears, but even this step of progress did not prove entirely satisfactory. At best, spearing fish was a long and tedious business, and yielded very few fish for the growing populations of the world.

Observing that the fish ran with the tides, fishermen learned to take advantage of this fact. Fish-traps were constructed in rivers and streams. These traps were nothing more nor less than dams—or weirs—which would fill with fish at flood tides. The subsequent ebb tides would leave the fish trapped in pools where they could easily be speared.

This method of weir fishing proved quite sufficient for the immediate needs of the fishermen. But considerably more fish were trapped than could be used at once. This should have been a boon, for there were seasons when the fish did not run at all. But how could the excess fish be preserved so that they could be used in scarce times? How could they be prevented from spoiling?

It is likely that Mother Nature pointed the way to preserving fish. Perhaps cod-

fish were washed ashore and got dried out in the sun. Or mackerel were preserved in salt pools which served as brine to pickle them. At any rate, not too many years passed before people were storing away dried and pickled fish.

The first attempt at baiting came later. The line was made from plant stems twisted together. There was no hook. A scrap of food, a small fish or a bunch of worms tied to the end served as bait. As the fish snapped, it was up to the fishermen to land the line before the fish could free itself.

There were difficulties here, as well as with the spear. More fish got away than were caught. A gorge was devised to stop the trouble. A splinter of wood about as large around as a lead pencil and perhaps over an inch in length did the trick. The line was tied not to one end, but to the middle of this piece. The bait fully covered this gorge.

The fish in taking the bait swallowed the gorge end first. This done, a slight tug on the line would fix the gorge cross-wise in the mouth of the fish so that it couldn't be ejected. Few fish got away once they were gorged!

Although these last two methods of fishing are thousands of years old, they have survived and are used today in certain parts of the world, principally France and England, for catching eels.

Use of the hookless line with just the bait is known today as "clotting" or "bobbing." Use of the gorge is called "snigging." The only modern innovation was the substitution of a steel needle in place of the wood splinter.

The hook was a natural outgrowth of the gorge. It was easier to handle and proved more effective. In those primitive days, with metal still unknown, the first hooks were thorns. Stronger and larger than the rose thorns we know today, but otherwise much the same.

There was one disadvantage. The hooks had no barbs, therefore the fish could not be "struck." It was necessary to wait until the fish had swallowed the thorn before it could be landed.

Great as these strides were, it was not until the fishermen tied hook and line to their spears that an approach was made to our present manner of fishing. The combination gave two advantages—an effectively longer line, and a method for casting bait over obstacles that stood between the fisherman and water.

At the same time that angling with the rod and line was being developed, the net was taking shape as well. Initially, the nets were small. The frame was made from a tree sapling bent in a circle. Twisted stems were criss-crossed to serve as the sieve.

In primitive Africa, the natives let spiders make the nets. A bamboo pole was curved around to form a circular frame about six feet in diameter. This was placed in the jungle underbrush, and a spider would sooner or later spin its web across. And strange as it may seem, these webs were strong enough to scoop a one or two pound fish out of the water!

The greatest advances in fishing took place, however, when the people of the world passed from the stone age into the bronze age. With the discovery of copper and tin about four thousand years ago, metal hooks with barbs replaced the old thorns. Silk and linen were already in use and they were converted to lines.

Up to about two thousand years ago, the sole purpose of fishing was to provide food. Then the people of the world grew to have more leisure time, and fishing became a sport. Artificial lures—or flies—came into being. The Egyptians made the first one using a fluff of colored wool and a few feathers. The art progressed until today we have hundreds—if not thousands—of varieties.

The use of nets—as well as lines—has survived the ages and is well established in commercial fishing. A modern fishing vessel will put out as many as a hundred nets, each fifty to sixty yards long, and up to fifteen yards deep, while on "long lines" as many as five thousand baited hooks will be used to catch Cod and Halibut.

Going fishing?

—Fred David



ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN



PUPPET THEATRE



WHEN CALLOUS CRIMINALS MAKE THE STREETS UNSAFE, ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN, CAUSES TINY WOODEN ACTORS TO LEAVE THE R STAGE... TO PLAY BIG REAL LIFE PARTS. AND TO REPLACE THE WOODEN M MES. ZATARA WORKS ANOTHER WONDER... AND PROVIDES AN ALL-STAR CAST OF COPS AND CROOKS TO PLAY N...

The Thug Theatre!



IN THE AMUSEMENT CENTER OF TOWN, A NEW SHOW OPENS...

COME AND SEE THE LIVING PUPPETS... THEY LAUGH THEY CRY, THEY PLAY THE PIANO... THEY'LL THRILL YOU AND ENTERTAIN YOU...

TICKETS



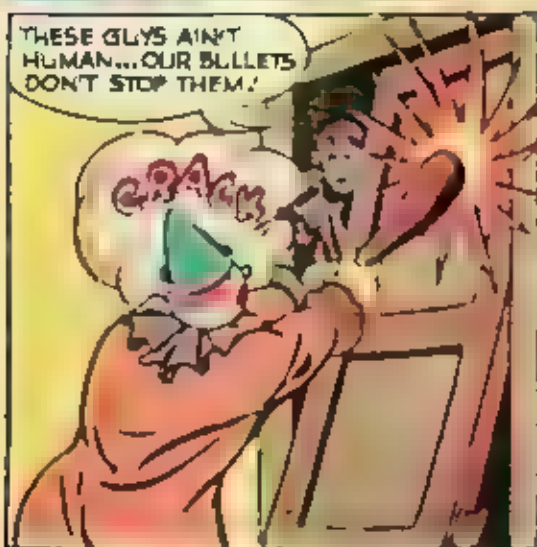
SAVE YOUR MONEY, ZATARA... YOU GO IN AS A GUEST OF THE HOUSE!

THANKS... HOPE I HAVE A CHANCE TO RETURN THE FAVOR SOMETIME.

TICKETS









AFTER THE CRIMINALS HAVE BEEN REMOVED...

THANKS FOR A SWEET JOB, ZATARA... TOO BAD YOUR PUPPETS DIDN'T GET ALL THE MORGAN GANG MEMBERS!

BUT I DIDN'T THINK ANY ESCAPED!

YOU SEE THOSE TWO FELLOWS? THEY WORK FOR THE GANG UNDER COVER... WE HAVEN'T GOT A BIT OF EVIDENCE AGAINST THEM.

AND IF ALLOWED TO GO FREE, THEY'LL BUILD UP THE GANG AGAIN, HELP GET THE OTHERS OUT...
HMMM...



TO ADD TO THE MASTER MAGICIAN'S TROUBLES...

I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY PAL, ZATARA... BUT YOU'VE RUINED MY PUPPETS! THE SHOW CAN'T GO ON!



A BULLET SHATTERED THE HINGE OF HIS LOWER JAW... NOW THE LION TAMER CAN'T PUT HIS HEAD IN THE LION'S MOUTH!



HE HURT HIS HANDS ON THOSE CROOKS... NOW HE CAN'T PLAY THE PIANO!

TOO BAD... BUT INSTEAD OF MAKING REPAIRS, I'LL HELP YOU PUT ON A BETTER SHOW!



KNIRKS... EMOCEB STEPPUP!







THOSE CROOKS ARE LOOSE... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE

TAKE IT EASY, FOLKS... THEY WON'T HURT YOU, AND THEY WON'T GET AWAY! ELPOEP EMOCEB ELBISIVNI!



EVERYBODY WENT AWAY... NOW THE COPS CAN GET US!



TAC... HCTAC EMT STAR!

YIII... A SABER-TOOTHED TIGER COMIN' AT US!



MAKE THE TIGER LET GO ZATARA... I'LL BE GOOD I'LL EVEN SIGN MY NAME TO WHAT I CONFESSED

N THAT CASE, I'LL RETURN YOU TO NORMAL S ZE... I DON'T WANT ANY SMALL-SCALE CONFESSIONS!



LATER, AFTER THE CRIMINALS HAVE BEEN REMOVED...

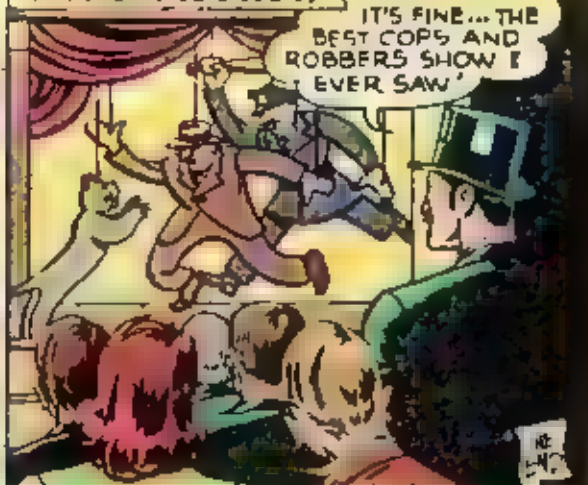
IT WAS A GOOD SHOW, ZATARA, EVEN BETTER THAN MY OWN! BUT THE ACTORS SHOULDN'T GET OFF THE STAGE!

IN FUTURE THEY WON'T... AND TO MAKE SURE, YOU'LL CONTROL THEM YOURSELF! TSINAIP EMOCEB GUHT... NOIL REMAT, NAMECILOP... NOIL, TAC...



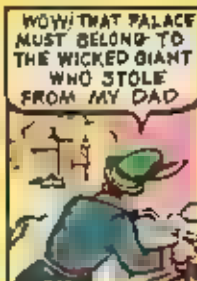
AND PRESENTLY, A NEW ACT ENTERTAINS THRILLED AUDIENCES!

IT'S FINE... THE BEST COPS AND ROBBERS SHOW I EVER SAW!





DAYDREAM MIKE and his WONDERFUL BIKE!

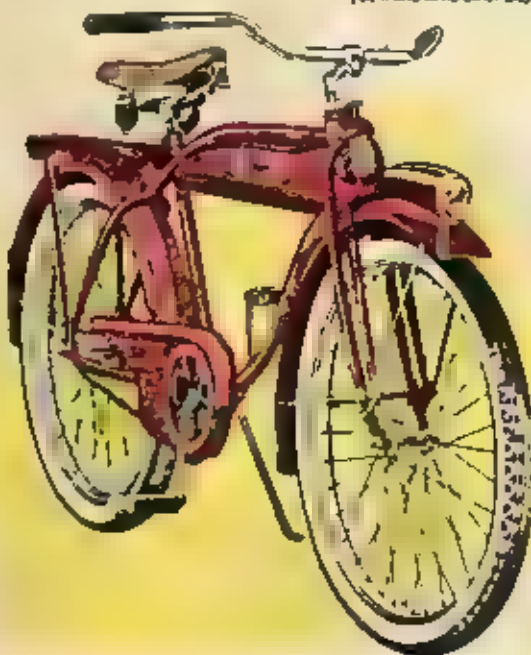


REMEMBER, FELLOWS AND GIRLS! A BICYCLE BY COLUMBIA IS NOT ONLY A HANDSOME BIKE, BUT ALSO A BETTER BUILT BIKE... AND WHEN A BIKE IS BUILT BETTER IT LASTS LONGER. PEDALS EASIER... GOES FASTER. CLIMBS EASIER AND GETS YOU THERE FRESHER THAN "POKEY", HARDER TO PUSH BIKES. MORAL: GET A BICYCLE BY COLUMBIA AND BE A LEADER!

LOOK! NEW FLOATING SPRING FORK BOOSTS COLUMBIA FLYING ACTION!

FEEL FOR YOURSELF how smoothly the new exclusive floating spring fork trons out the bumps, roads, making pedaling and riding easier and you'll understand one reason why the handsome new '949 Columbia is a titleway for "Flying Action"! Other great features include patented built-in kick stand—a built-in Protecto-Lock with optional

insurance—a new crash hanger for easier pedaling. Front hubs are turned from solid steel bars—handlebar stems are drop forged for greater strength and safety. Therm-O-Metric frames are never alloy brazed and finished with DuPont Dulux enamel in new colors and exclusive Duo-Tone color combinations. That's a combination of modern features you'll find in no other bicycle but Columbia.



SEND FOR BIG, COLORFUL FOLDER NOW!

The Westfield Manufacturing Company
43 Cycle Street, Westfield, Massachusetts

Please send postpaid free booklet showing the beautiful 1949 bicycles by Columbia

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

VIGILANTE

THE VIGILANTE IS SO DARING A BUCKAROO, SO ADROIT WITH GUN OR ROPE, IT'S NO WONDER COUNTLESS WESTERNERS IDOLIZE HIM. YET IF THE TRUTH BE TOLD, THE MIGHTY HERO **HIMSELF** HAS AN IDOL—A CERTAIN **COWBOY WRITER**—WHOSE DEEDS AND ABILITIES HAVE LONG COMMANDED THE VIG'S FERVENT ADMIRATION! BUT WHEN THE TWO FINALLY DO MEET, THE VIGILANTE LEARNS THE AMAZING ANSWER TO...

"THE INCREDIBLE TALENTS OF BRONCO LOU HASTINGS!"

RAY
BARRER

GREG SANDERS, WHOSE ALTER EGO, AS THE **VIGILANTE**, IS KNOWN ONLY TO HIS BOY PAL STUFF STORE BEFORE A POSTER IN A WESTERN TOWN.

JEE-RIMINY! STUFF, THIS IS MY CHANCE!

BRONCO LOU HASTINGS WILL APPEAR IN PERSON IN FRYKENS STORE TODAY TO AUTOGRAPH COPIES OF HIS LATEST WESTERN THRILLER **"BLACK MESA!"**

I ADMIRE HASTINGS TREMENDOUSLY AND I'D SURE LIKE TO MEET HIM! I'VE READ ALL HIS BOOKS! HE'S A GREAT WRITER AND KNOWS THE WEST LIKE NO ONE ELSE!

NOT BETTER'N YOU DO, GREG! I'LL BET!



SOON AFTER IN PEYTON'S BOOK DEPT...

LOOK AT THAT
LNE BOOK
HARDLY HAS
ACHIEVED
GALORE!

AW HE'S JUST A
WRITER! THAT DON'T
MEAN HE CAN DO
ANYTHING.

AT THAT VERY MOMENT--FROM THE STREET
COMES A TERRIBLE CRY...

MAD STEER!
LOOK OUT!

DOWN THE STREET CHARGES A STEER--HEADING
STRAIGHT AT A HELPLESS CHILD...

THAT LITTLE BOY-- HE'LL
BE CRUSHED-- EVEN
BULLETS WON'T STOP
THAT STEER NOW!

BUT WITH A MIGHTY VAULT, A LITHE FIGURE
"HITS THE SADDLE"...

LOOK AT BRONCO!
WHAT'S HE GONNA
DO?

HE CAN'T STOP
THAT MAVERICK!
NOBODY CAN--
IN TIME!

THE NEXT INSTANT...

HE'S BULLDOGGED THE
ANIMAL FROM THE
SADDLE-- STOPPED THE
CRITTER COLD! WOW!

SOON AFTER...

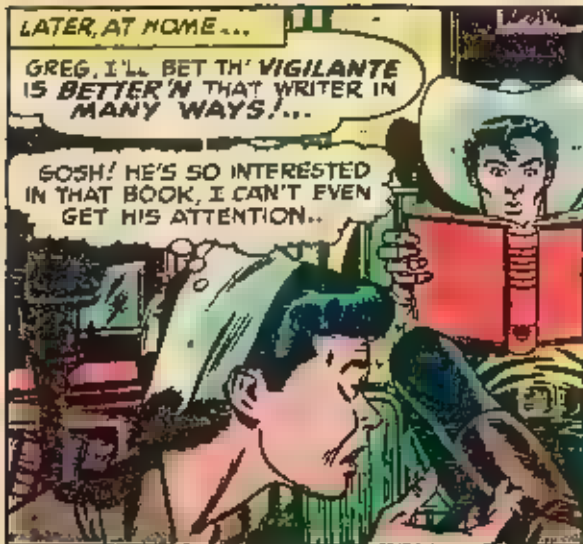
ADIOS PARDOS! GOT
TO HIT THE TRAIL FER
THE NEXT BOOK STORE!

WHAT A MAN! HE
CAN SHOOT, RIDE,
BULLDOG STEERS--
WE'RE STOKED--
HE'S TERRIFIC!

LATER, AT HOME...

GREG, I'LL BET TH' VIGILANTE IS BETTER 'N THAT WRITER IN MANY WAYS!...

GOSH! HE'S SO INTERESTED IN THAT BOOK, I CAN'T EVEN GET HIS ATTENTION...



MEANWHILE... IN A SECRET HIDEOUT, OTHER EYES ARE ABSORBING THE NEW HASTINGS NOVEL...

CHUMS, THIS BRONCO HASTINGS IS A REAL BEAR FOR CRIME IDEAS! HE'S GOT A BRAIN! AN' READIN' THIS BOOK OF HIS GIVES ME AN IDEA!

WHAT IS IT, CHIEF?



WE GRAB THIS WRITING FELLER, SEE? AN' WE GET HIM TO THINK UP CRIME FOR US! WITH HIS BRAINS-- AND OUR GUNS-- WE CAN'T LOSE!

GREAT! LET'S GO GET HIM!



THUS IT HAPPENS THAT A STRANGE PROCESSION PASSES A CERTAIN WINDOW.

GREAT GUNS! THE GREASEWOOD GANG! AND WHAT'S THAT--? THEY SEEM TO BE FOLLOWING BRONCO LOU HASTINGS!!



SECONDS LATER--AFTER A FAMILIAR RED MASK IS DONNED...

MAYBE I'M WRONG..WHAT COULD THOSE SHADY CHARACTERS POSS' BLY WANT WITH HASTINGS? BUT THE VIGILANTE IS GOING TO MAKE SURE!



SOON AFTER... BEFORE AN OLD-FASHIONED ROOMING HOUSE...

FIRST HASTINGS WENT IN THERE-- THEN THE GANG! NOW I KNOW THEY'RE TRAILING HIM!



A MOMENT LATER

HERE'S BRONCO'S ROOM!
IF THOSE CROOKS HAVE
STARTED SOMETHING--THEY'RE
DUE FOR A BIG SURPRISE!



THE NEXT MOMENT--INSIDE THE ROOM

NO ONE HERE EXCEPT
THAT LITTLE GUY TYPING
AWAY THERE LIKE MAD

SO WHY
WHOEVER YOU
ARE VANISH
HIT THE TRAIL



BUT THEN

GOOD GRAY
WHAT'S THIS??



THE VIGILANTE!! G-D
YOU'VE BEEN JERKED
MY SECRET!! P-PLEASE--
YOU MUST PROMISE ME
YOU WON'T TELL ANYONE!!

PARTNER YOU'RE
WAY AHEAD OF
ME WHAT
IS IT WHO
ARE YOU
ANYWAY?



THE VIGILANTE HEARS AN INCREDIBLE TALE

YOU SEE I'M SUCH A
FUNNY GUY--THE
S-LEAP **BRONCO
BROWN** IS AN ASSISTANT
IMPERSONATES ME TO
THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
WHILE I JUST SIT HERE
AND WRITE.

GALLOPN SASSAFRAS
--IF YOU'RE THE
REAL **BRONCO** YOU
HAST NUS? WHERE'S
THE OTHER ONE?
HE WAS BEING
TRAILED BY GANGSTERS!



BLASTING INTO THE NEXT ROOM

GONE! IT LOOKS LIKE
THE GANG HAS CARRIED
OFF **BRONCO BROWN**!
BUT WHERE TO?

MAYBE I CAN
FIGURE THAT
OUT VIGILANTE!
COME...



01-1-68
02-1-68

SECRET HIDEOUTS
TOML GRAPHICAL MAP

WATER'S COME TO A COUNTRY? RAINFALL CHART?

Figure 6

Figure 6 shows two panels of plots. The top panel displays four histograms representing the distribution of the number of nodes in the network at different time points: t=0, t=1, t=2, and t=3. The x-axis is labeled 'Number of nodes' and ranges from 0 to 10. The y-axis is labeled 'Frequency' and ranges from 0 to 10. The bottom panel displays four corresponding cumulative distribution function (CDF) plots for the same time points. The x-axis is labeled 'Number of nodes' and ranges from 0 to 10. The y-axis is labeled 'Cumulative Frequency' and ranges from 0 to 1.0.

**A PERFECT
HIDEOUT!**

THE

SO PRESENTLY...
THINK FAST AND
WIN BIG

THE JOURNAL OF THE
SOCIETY OF THE
SACRAMENTO VALLEY
AND THE
SACRAMENTO VALLEY
AND THE
SACRAMENTO VALLEY

STANDARD FORM NO. 646 APR 1964 EDITION

6-GOSH 'I CAN'T FIGURE NO CRIMES

[illegible]

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-17-2009 BY 60322 UCBAW

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-17-2009 BY 60322 UCBAW

NEW! JUST FOR YOU!

YOUR OWN NAME STAMP

TWO-PIECE SET
(SHOWN CLOSED) IN
SAFETY ONYX-BLACK
PLASTIC

YOUR NAME GOES HERE.
NAME PLATE FITS INTO
IMBED BASE...SMALL ENOUGH
TO CARRY WITH YOU!

GENUINE FELT
INK PAD; MAKES
THOUSANDS OF
STAMPINGS

BE
THE FIRST
TO HAVE
YOUR OWN
PERSONAL
NAME STAMP!

JAMES HOWARD CLARK

LOOK! I'VE STAMPED
MY NAME ON ALL
MY BOOKS!

GEE! LOOKS LIKE
REAL PRINTING!
I'M GOING TO GET
ONE RIGHT AWAY!

stamp your
name on
your books

Make your own
stationery

Get the
whole gang
to send in
for name stamps!

Stamp your
name on
school papers

JUST 25¢ AND ONE
BAZOOKA WRAPPER

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY—

Bazooka, Inc., Box No. 20,
Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.
I enclose 25¢ and Bazooka wrapper. Please
send me my own personal name stamp.

Name _____
Print name as you want it on stamp

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Note: If you want a name stamp other than your own, for
a gift, just enclose a note telling us what name you want—
and enclose the Bazooka wrapper and 25¢.)

BIGGER
BUBBLES!

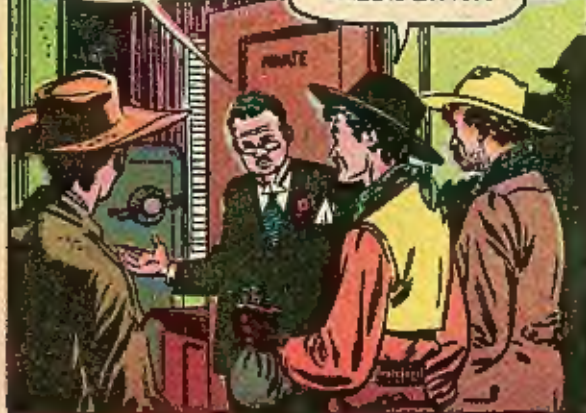


BETTER
BUBBLES
with

BAZOOKA, the Atom Bubble Gum
Comics! Prizes! only 5¢



MEANWHILE IN THE TOWN'S ONLY BANK...

COME IN HERE!
WE'LL WEIGH
YOUR GOLD!SHORE! EXCEPT THIS
AIN'T ORDINARY DUST
WE GOT, MR. BANK
PRESIDENT...SUDDENLY, THE BAG OF DUST IS THROWN AT
THE SAFE...IT'S DYNAMITE
DUST--MIXED WITH A
LITTLE YALLER PAINT!
TIE THE CHUMP, RUSTY!

BUT AS THE LOOT-LADEN GANG EXITS...

THE VIGILANTE AN'
BRONCO HASTINGS!WE JUST MADE IT,
BRONCO! NOW
LET'S TAME THESE
MAVERICKS!IN THE MELEE THAT FOLLOWS, GREASEWOOD
GANG CLIMBS TO THE BANK ROOF...YOU CRITTERS
DON'T KNOW IT,
BUT YOU AMBLED
INTO A TRAP!I'LL SHOW HIM
WHO'S TRAPPED...

A COILED NOOSE DARTS DOWN...AND...

HAW, HAW! NOW WE KIN
POT THEM TWO LIKE SITIN'
DUCKS! PEPPER 'EM, BOYS!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT--ACROSS THE STREET...

GOSH! I--I CAN'T FIGHT
OR ANYTHING! BUT I'VE
GOT TO HELP MY FRIENDS!!



A SECOND LATER...



HEY! WHAT'S THAT LITTLE SHRIMP UP THERE THINK HE'S DOIN'?

PLUG THE FOOL!

BUT AS THE STAGECOACH PASSES UNDER THE DANGLING DUO...



LOU DROVE HIS EXHIBITION RIG UNDER US, VIG! HE RISKED HIS NECK FER US!

I KNOW, BRONCO! WHAT WE NEEDED WAS A FOOTHOLD, AND HE GAVE IT TO US!

THEN--LIKE HURLING JAVELINS-- THE FREED PAIR DIVES...



THEY GOT LOOSE--UNG66!

AFTER A SHORT BUT FURIOUS BATTLE...



I HOPE THE JAIL'S GOT ROOM! BUT-- WHERE'S LOU NOW?

TIME FOR ME TO VANISH BACK INTO MY ROOM! (SIGH!) I MUSTN'T BE SEEN BY REPORTERS.

LATER...

SO YOU REMEMBERED THE CRIME SCHEME FROM ONE OF HASTINGS' EARLY NOVELS, VIG?

YES, STUFF! THEN ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS HEAD FOR THE BANK! IT HAPPENED TO BE OPPOSITE A CERTAIN ROOMING HOUSE...



STILL LATER... AT HOME...



THE LITTLE MAN, STUFF? ER-- JUST SOME FELLOW THAT CAME BY... BUT HE SURE SAVED THE DAY!

VIGILANTE AND BRONCO HASTINGS NAB GANG DUO AIDED BY UNIDENTIFIED LITTLE MAN

THE END